

22 XXX SEX SLAVES LASOED, LASHED AND LEAKING

HUSTLER'S

# TABOO

PUNISHED PAIN SLUT  
ALEXIS PLEADS,  
"WHIP MY WET  
PUSSY RAW!"

SUFFERING  
IN THE SUN

MISTRESS'S  
TIED TART  
SWEATS  
FOR HER  
SINS

MASTER MARKS  
HIS TERRITORY

BOUND ANAL  
ANGEL REAMED,  
CREAMED &  
STREAMED

RUBBER CLINIC  
VULCANIZED  
VIXEN YOKED  
& POKED

JANUARY 2012

AUTOMATED  
ANGUISH  
TEARFUL  
STUDENT'S  
SPANKING  
MACHINE  
PENANCE

FULL FLOOD  
FETISH  
GOLDEN  
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**TABOO Editorial**

# STRICTLY SPEAKING

*Ernest Greene, Executive Editor*



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"When," wonders one of our regular correspondents, "did extreme right-wing politics become a *kink*?" We've been wondering about that ourselves. Back in the day, BDSM and associated proclivities were either the entirely closeted compulsions of otherwise regular citizens or the defiant embrace of transgressive pleasure by out leather-folk, who knowingly risked the economic, legal and social costs of sexual nonconformism. While there were many of the former, the latter were few in number and generally disposed toward social tolerance and communitarian values. Though always internally fractious, the whips-and-chains crowd shared a certain common set of ethics built around respect for diversity, the sanctity of consent in all our perty practices, and a powerful abhorrence of abusive behavior masquerading as sex play. In a small, embattled, marginalized subculture, there was a recognized need for all to watch each others' backs and be wary of power-hungry predators drawn to what might be an easily accessible reservoir of potential victims.

Not so anymore.

Not only is that era now gone, the leather community as an idea is pretty much gone with it, washed away by a huge influx of trendoids who reject those quaint values in favor of tea-bagger "individualism," sexist, patriarchal gender essentialism, and the hypocritical, crackpot religiosity of the Christian Domestic Discipline and Taken in Hand crowds. Not since the Victorian age has so much self-serving depravity been justified in the name of various philosophical and metaphysical nonsense. It's no wonder that so many of the sanest voices in the world of BDSM have faded in recent years. Just like the voices of moderation in this country's politics overall, they've been shouted down by ignorant, arrogant arrivists who find no inconsistency at all between the embrace of reactionary ideology and the practice of sexual deviation.

If you consider yourself a kinkster but still support Proposition B, we have only two words for you: *get away*. We do not covet your acceptance nor do we extend you ours.

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# HUSTLER'S TABOO.

## JANUARY 2012

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# ANGELINA AND CHERRY CROSS OF CRUELTY

Photography by Andre Baylock



















Cherry is a foolish girl. No one escapes from the slave traders camp and those who try suffer as an example to the others. Chained naked for the harshest Angeline, the gang's cruellest and most perverse master. Cherry feels the searing slash of the whip as she hauls the rough, heavy cross in a twisted mockery of religious martyrdom. The sadistic, de-filthy demanding the once virtuous girl's worship, sneeringly pisses on the ground, ordering Cherry to clean the dominatrix's cunt clean and give her ass a goodapping. The pitiful slave tries her best, but even though her tormentor enjoys a shuddering orgasm, Cherry is nonetheless bound to the heavy wooden crucifix, ass-up, flogged without mercy until red streaks rise on her sickly skin, then, racked helplessly to humanizing spasms of shameful pleasure with Mistress's strap on. Cherry's susceptibility to pleasure





TISSUE. UP AT THE THIGH, HARD SET, OR THE MEAT, TA  
KE, BUT ONLY ADDS TO THE MISERY OF HER UNDER-USED  
PERSISTENCE.

THE WOMAN IS SAVED... AS THE ERECTED TISSUE  
SUNK... DOWN ON THE GROUND, CHERRY IS ASHED A LITTLE  
WITH HIS OPEN, LE PUSSY STUFFED WITH A DICK TO  
MATURE. THE PULSE HIGH ENOUGH TO FORCE HER TO  
HEARTBEATS. AS THE DAY PASSES, THE SUN BEATS DOWN ON  
HER NAKED FLESH. SWEAT, POUSS AND SINWEWS TREMBBLE  
WITH THE FEAT AND REUTE. THE PULSE IS LOW, BUT THE VAS  
CONTRACTING MUSCLES. SHE RIDES A DADS NOW THAT HER  
TESTICULAR IS SAVING HER IN SEXUAL DEPRAVITY FROM  
WOMEN. SHE WOULD BE A TRUE VICTIM.

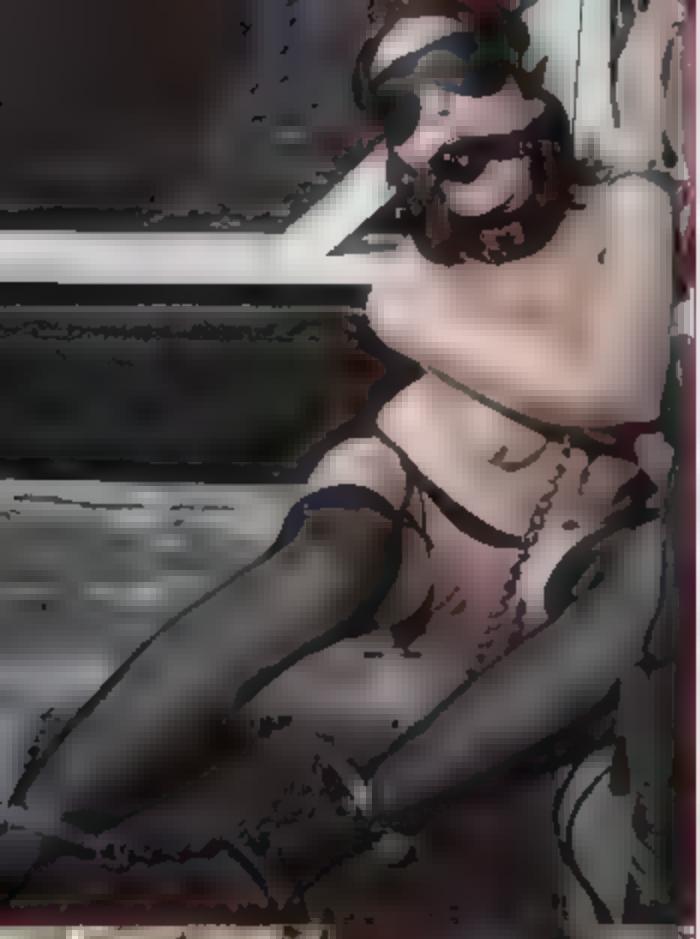


## DOMINANT DELIGHT

Celebrating its fourth year, DomCon Los Angeles brought together a lively mix of professional dominatrices from around the world, their admirers and a happy throng of spectators with varied interests. Some serious topics, ranging from legal issues to marketing, were addressed in industry-only sessions. These recreationally inclined swapped among vendors and attended sit-down dinners, fashion shows, play parties, awards ceremonies, and a grand Ballo Ball where fashionable personnel strutted their stuff while experienced players found well-equipped spaces in which to pursue their sophisticated engagements. This is a truly excellent, well-presented event, combining learning opportunities with plenty of body cheer. It just keeps getting better each year. Special kudos to Sassy's Michaela Lynn and the Ap team for their excellent organizational efforts. See you at the next one.

PHOTO BY  
CHRIS HARRIS





# twisted flicks

**TABOO'S Highest Rating**

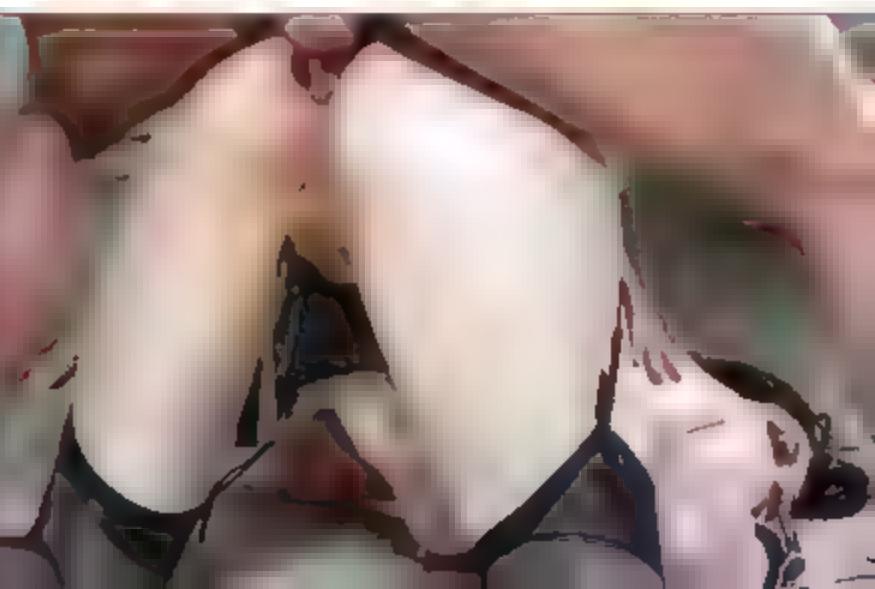
## SLAVE 06

4 Whacks

Featuring Slave Sarah, T.J. Cummings

Running time: 80 minutes

Director Dave Naz—whose photographs work frequently graces these pages but its real heat and tension out of a form of more resolute than the vintage Hyatt shackles worn by the title character as she is naked, blindfolded and gagged in a messy shed awaiting her Master. When Master T. finally shows up to tie her over a shoulder and carry her into his red shackles during the proceedings are made watertight by the appealing parts of his. There's a bit of bondage, some pernicious flogging, an impressive application of clothespins to some Slave Sarah's tits and pussy and the purple collar she wears that goes for BDSM cred but this vid is mainly wall rough sex with a D-side. Even though Sarah does this more than whimper and cry her mascara off the way she holds her positions and follows T's raunchy orders, sells her submissiveness admirably. Slave-fucked relentlessly ass scuffed with big rubber balls she has to suck man after fisted repeatedly from a bulging enema bag through multiple expulsions and then finally made to spread her ass in a wide gape for hammering buggery she sinks into an endorphin haze recognizable as sub-space. At the end of a very long day she's returned to the shed we used but not necessarily used and the viewer is aroused by the standard playbook of gonzo gross out in a kinky context is likely to feel much the same way. It may not be exactly our kind of fun but we can definitely dance to it. —E.G.



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# FETISH FOCUS

## Best of the Breeders

**P**regnancy may not be the most common fetish, but it's surprisingly popular among dedicated perverts going all the way back to Sade, whose work impregnated slaves are frequently subjected to some of his most dabolical deviations. Though not always BDSM specific, pregnancy is both a kink in its own right and in many instances, combined with bondage or slavery, an added enhancement to the plight of a subservient miss.

There are various speculations regarding the attraction of pregnant bodies and the overlap of that attraction with other deviant fascinations. Some are purely physiological and others are freighted with saucious implications of a darker sort.

Fetishism by nature exaggerates gender characteristics, hence the giant tits, constricted waists and flaring hips typical of the women who appear in fetish illustrations. The more outrageously feminine they appear, the more they stimulate the male fascination with the mysteries of gender dimorphism. And nothing signifies the apotheosis of femininity like pregnancy. For one thing, only women experience it, making it a defining aspect of their identities. And there's nothing subtle about the

way in which pregnancy magnifies the differences between male and female bodies. Pregnant women's tits swell to enormous proportions, pop out in big, blue veins signifying the onset of lactation, a fetish in itself. nipples expand to silver dollar size as their pigmentation darkens, developing hypersensitivity and will eventually start to leak.

Similar nipples are so enlarged to an almost caricatured extent permanently swollen as if aroused beyond measure at all times. This effect isn't entirely visual either. Many, though by no means all, pregnant women develop the same fervent craving for sex they feel for ice cream (at times wanting both simultaneously). Bodies turned into hormone factories working overtime, minds constantly reminded of the process by which they were knocked up whenever they look in the mirror, some pregnant women experience temporary erotomania (though the effect is unpredictable and others find the libido severely and unpredictably diminished). Heightened physical responsiveness often accompanies the sudden urgency to fuck, lowering orgasmic thresholds and creating a manner of itching, tingling and hypersensitivity to invite the attentions of an eager partner.

Then there's the belly itself, symbol of fertility all the way back to the Venus of Willendorf and literally the embodiment of everything feminine. Its very presence is unmistakable proof that the woman from whom it protrudes ever more outrageously got fucked some months before. It's proof of insemination, which is an idea that many men, also programmed to



perpetuate the species, find highly arousing in itself. Not only does this illustrate a woman's feminine credence beyond doubt, it's also a visible manifestation of male potency.

Along with the physiological changes that occur during pregnancy, there are also psychological processes loaded with sexual implications. Pregnant women are both physically and emotionally more vulnerable, readily brought to tears and keenly aware of their relative helplessness, and particularly protective of their runaway anatomy. That vulnerable quality pushes certain buttons on the dominant male psyche. The antiquated description of pregnancy as a delicate condition says volumes to a sadistic imagination, craving the greatest possible delicacy in a partner who can be controlled or tormented by a variety of means ranging from milking pumps to oversized dildos. It's no wonder that pregnant slaves appear in some of the most outrageous BDSM pornographic illustrations. They make such ideal objects of cruelty, ingenuely reduced to suffering bitches waddling obscenely as they wait to be whipped, derided, barefoot and pregnant at the whims of their keepers.

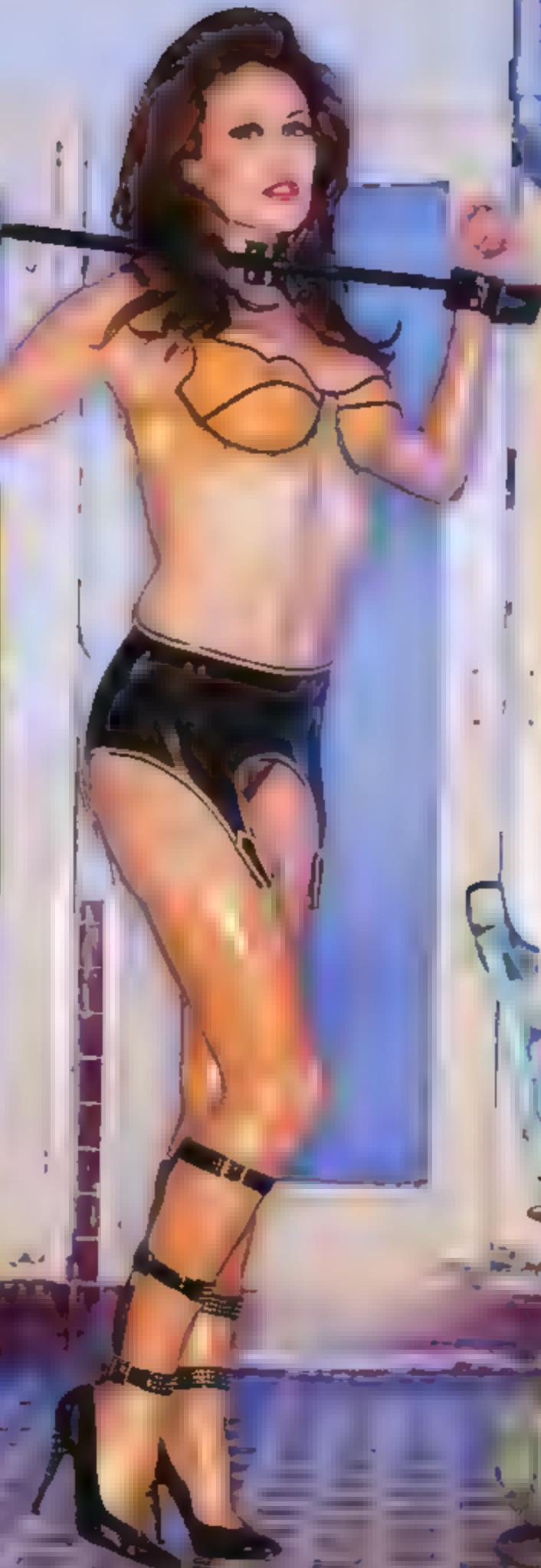
And then there is the fantasy of insemination as a form of domination in itself. There is a substantial body of kinky porno lit having to do with slave breeding, lambs and the use of impregnation to further ensnare a woman to her master, the evidence of whose carnal use of her is obvious for all to see. Captive breeding is a recurring theme in BDSM literature. Harem inmates are bred to increase the size of a master's clan. In the ancient world, breeding slaves were used to create "new inventory" for the flesh trade. Control of a woman's reproductive capabilities is the most intimate form of mastery possible. It enlists biology as a powerful tool in reducing a woman to utter helplessness dependency as a vessel for her master's sperm and the perpetuation of his rule.

While there are many, many men who find the distortions of normal feminine anatomy occasioned by pregnancy the very opposite of appealing, for a certain percentage of sophisticated kinksters, everything about the breeding process is arousing. Indeed, as a friend once observed, she never got hit on so many times in such a short period in her life as when she was carrying. Where pregnancy's concerned, instinct and imagination can combine to produce powerful fetishistic desire.

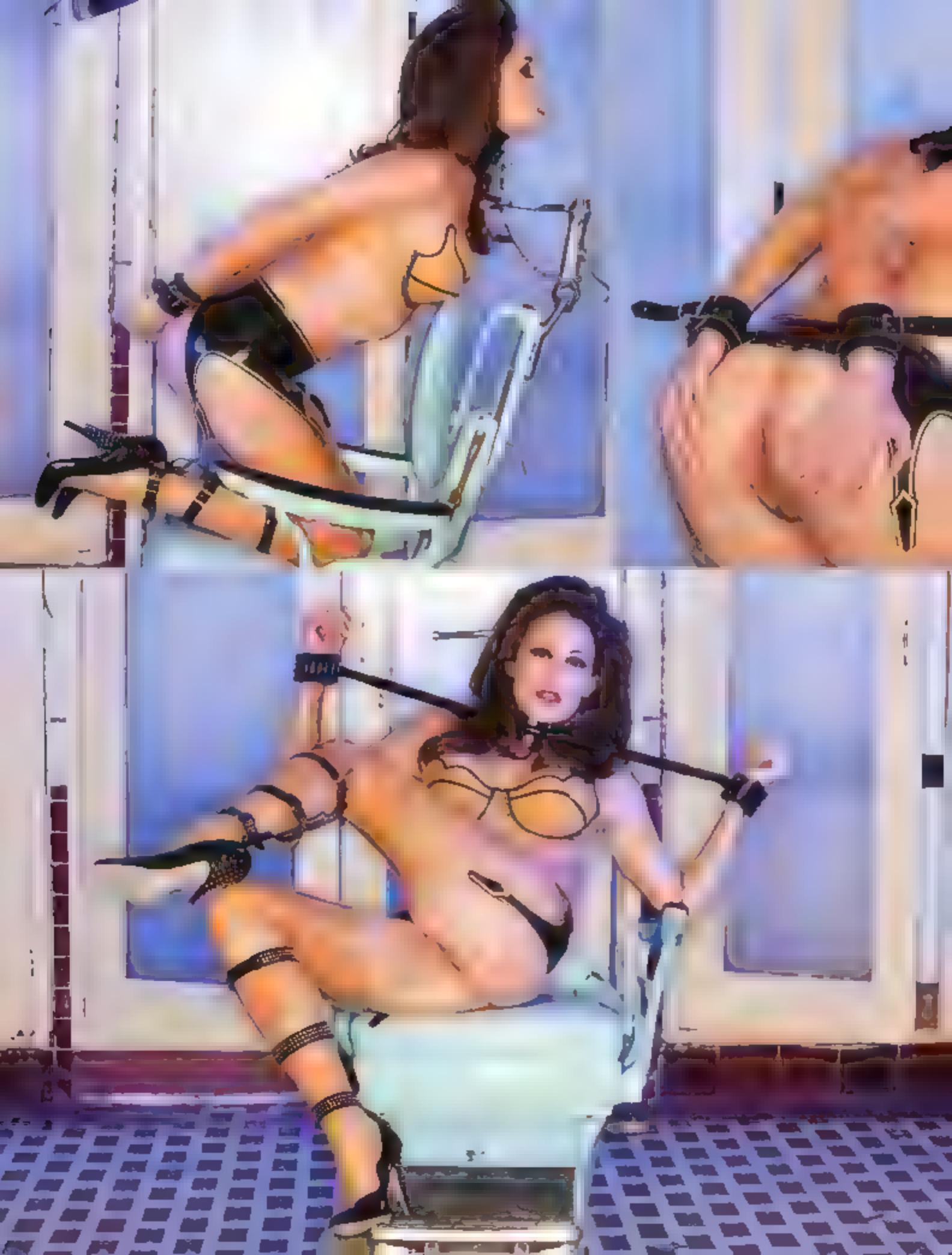


# RYAN TAKING THE CURE

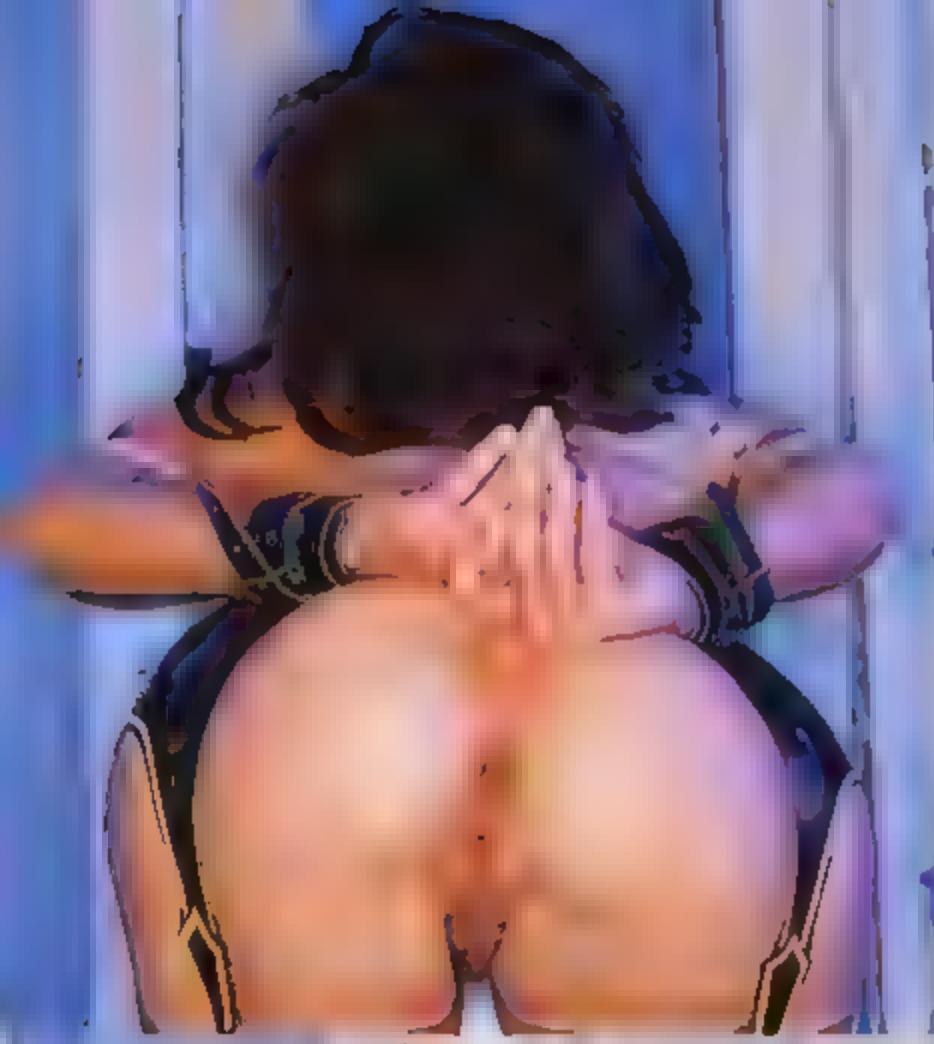
Photography by  
Molly Randall







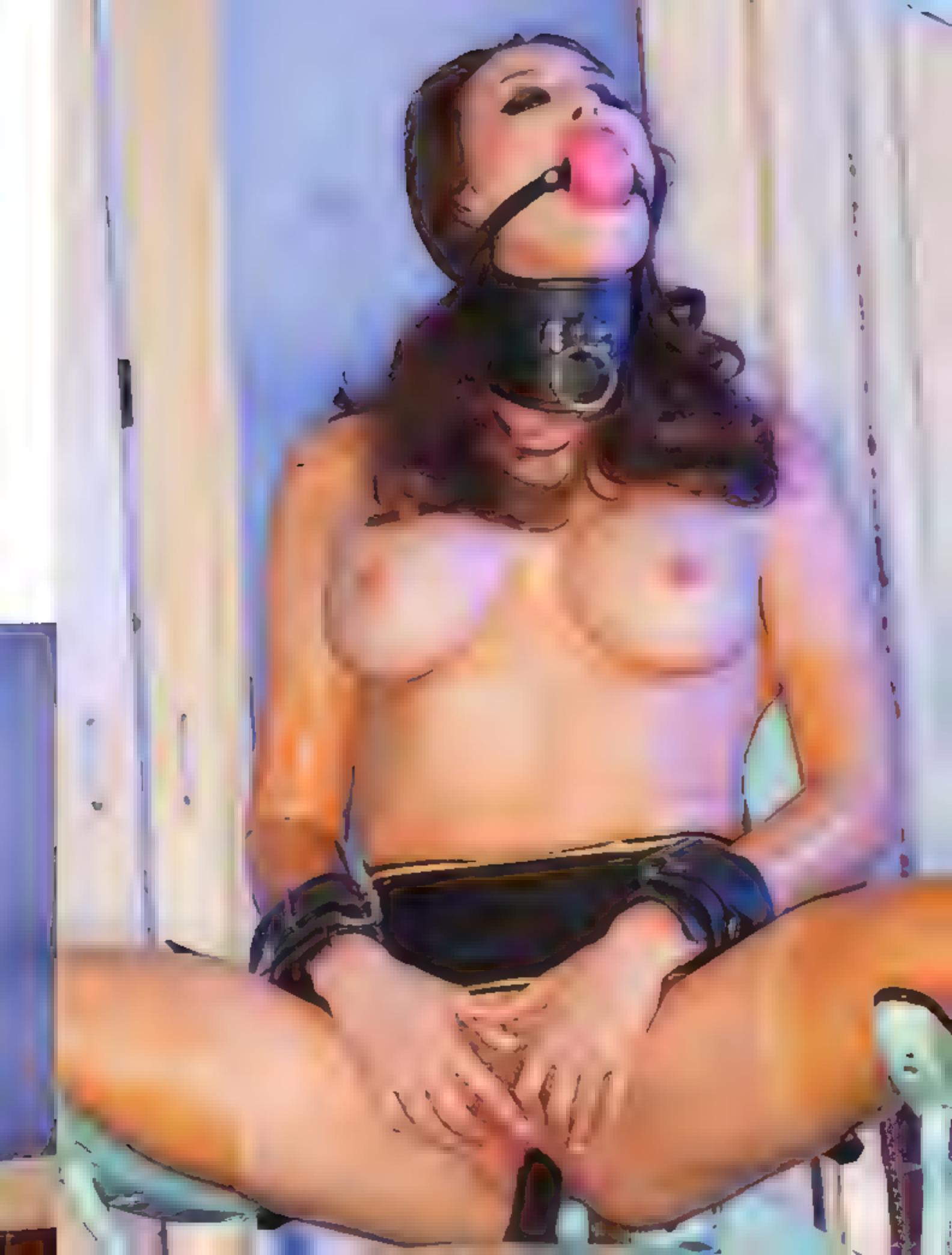




Ryan's a challenge to train for slave service: obedient but stubbornly unbroken, discharging her duties without the physical responses that make a good slave great. Fortunately, the Clinic has a special reg man for treating this problem and Ryan's Master visits weekly to evaluate her progress. Tottering into the exam room, yoked, packed in latex and balancing on her multi-strap training heels, Ryan presents herself in the chair, spread for inspection. Between the shots and the stimulation devices, they're doing a good job of keeping her wet and ready at all times. The rigid bondage certainly improves her posture. But what of her pain tolerance? Kneeling to offer her ass, Ryan takes the crop repeatedly with minimal squirming and moaning, a good sign. She even remembers to display the marks on her behind, keeping her hands up in back to leave her holes unobstructed.

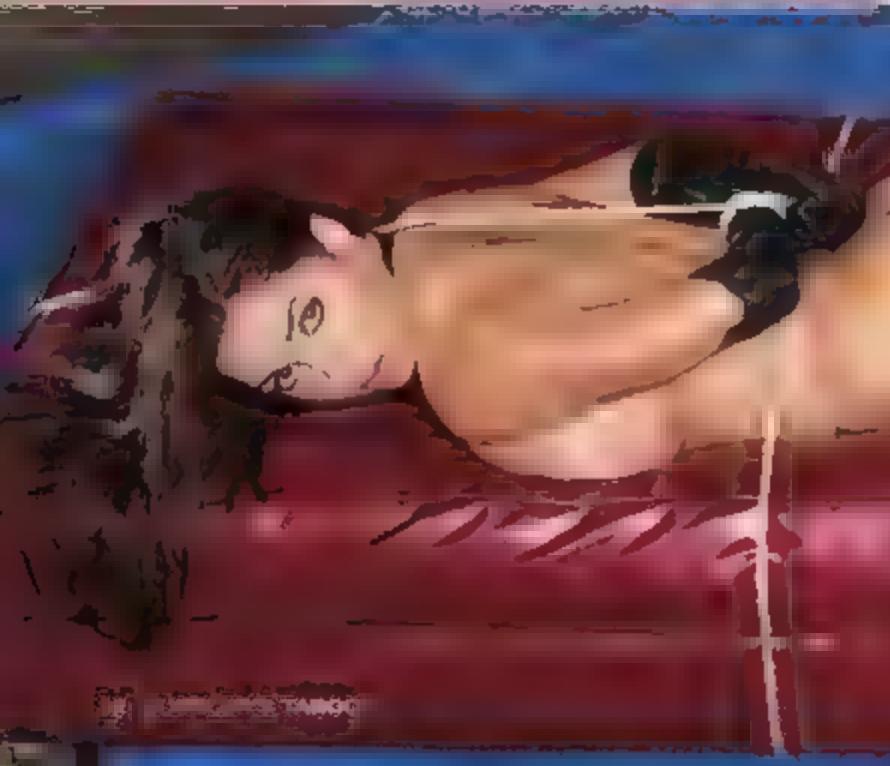
Still, it's Ryan's internal responses that he wants perfected. Posture-corrected and gagged, she must get herself off with the black vibe, convincing him of her conditioning wordlessly. Her parts function perfectly, the intruding probe glistening with her juices as she strokes it in and out, looking him in the eye while rubbing her clit in ever more frantic circles. The sudden twitching, body rigid, sweat beading up around the latex, is proof enough but one more week at the Clinic for good measure can only improve her further. Ryan groans, realizing it may be a while before he takes her home again.











Dear Nina

I've had a strong interest in submission for many years and am just now exploring it. I have some ideas of what I'd like such as spanking and oral service but am open to trying new things with the right person (and sex and strict bondage come to mind). I've dabbled in online forums and exchanged emails with some men who identify as Dom'nant and have the following question: How can I tell a real Dom'nant from a garden-variety jerkwad? I don't want to end up a crime statistic but vanilla sex just doesn't cut it for me anymore. —Holding Out for the Real Thing, Boise, Idaho

Dear Holding:

Welcome to a very large club! You're wise to be cautious, as meeting people online bypasses the tradition of meeting face to face at kink specific functions, where there are others present to offer endorsements or warnings. A smart submissive wants to be tied up by those who have her safety in mind as well as her pleasure, and you can't rely on these things based solely on what's observable through electronic communication.

The rules for choosing a kinky partner are not that much different than those for choosing a vanilla partner. Is there chemistry between you? Do you share interests beyond the dungeon? Do you feel safe with him? Does he make you laugh? You should listen to your gut in this area. There are some red flags. If someone is disrespectful of your stated limits or desires pushes back against any questions you may have by saying, "It's supposed to feel that way," or "Because I'm the Dom" never finds your efforts to please him good enough tries to limit your contact with your friends and family hasn't had any previous partners or has only "scened" online; pushes for sex before you're ready boasts that he can "fuck you into submission" wants to be called Master on your first meeting, or says he will

# Sub Space

BY NINA HARTLEY



**TABOO'S Sub-Space** is devoted to the experiences, questions and concerns of submissive women and the men (and women) who love them. In our continuing effort to give voices and faces to the love slaves of our dreams, we provide this forum for fem-sah BDSM players to share their most intimate secrets with TABOO readers. This month, XXX superstar Nina Hartley, who enthusiastically participates in BDSM play at both Domme and sub, offers her advice. She welcomes readers' queries for future installments.



set your limits for you, pass

When you do meet someone, take it as slowly as you need to. In order to truly submit we must trust our partners. When they've earned it, the experience of putting ourselves into their hands is sublime and well worth the wait. Happy hunting.

Dear Nina,

Please help me understand something. I've been dating my Master for nearly two years and I consider myself his sex slave in every way. I love to dress to suit his taste (he has a thing for the classy/sexy office look), and have a great collection of expensive lingerie and stilettos to show for it. I enthusiastically submit to him and love being his dirty girl. I drink his piss whenever he lets me, and ATMs make my pussy drip. I wear his mark tattooed on my backside, and have had my nipples and clitoris pierced for him. In the bedroom I'm entirely his property and we both like it that way. What's my problem? I keep reading that he can't "really" be my Master, or I his slave, because I don't give him control over my money, let him choose my friends, or have him tell me what to do when we're not actually playing. Master says he's very happy and we have a great time together. Can I be a real slave while still needing to keep control of my life when I'm not kissing his boots?

—Starting to Wonder, Eugene, Oregon

Dear Starting:

In a word, yes. No matter what the more submissive-than-thou types may say, you're a "real" slave to your Master because both you and he experience you that way. Your Master says he's happy and he's the one who should know. What's more important to him having you run errands and do his taxes, or pushing you through tears as you work your ass onto a large plug while he hurts your tits as you cry?

Some seem to forget that an M/s relationship is made of two equal people who agree to play certain parts in each other's lives. Clearly, your slavery is primarily sexual in nature and that's the way you both want it. The rights your Master has over you were negotiated beforehand, along with any hard limits either of you may have. Unless and until you both decide to renegotiate them in some other way, your dynamic functions just as you both intend it for some reason it stops working for you, which seems very unlikely from your description you have the freedom to release yourself at anytime regardless of anyone else's judgments in the matter. You're no less of a slave than a person who insists loudly, "I could never leave because Master owns my ass and that's that!" And he's no less a Master just because some envious neglected unpaid domestic help puts him down as a "bedroom Dom." What other room is more important for the kind of slave you happen to be and he happens to want. There's no Great Book of Slave Rules that defines these things for everyone. Enjoy your play and don't worry about what others may think.





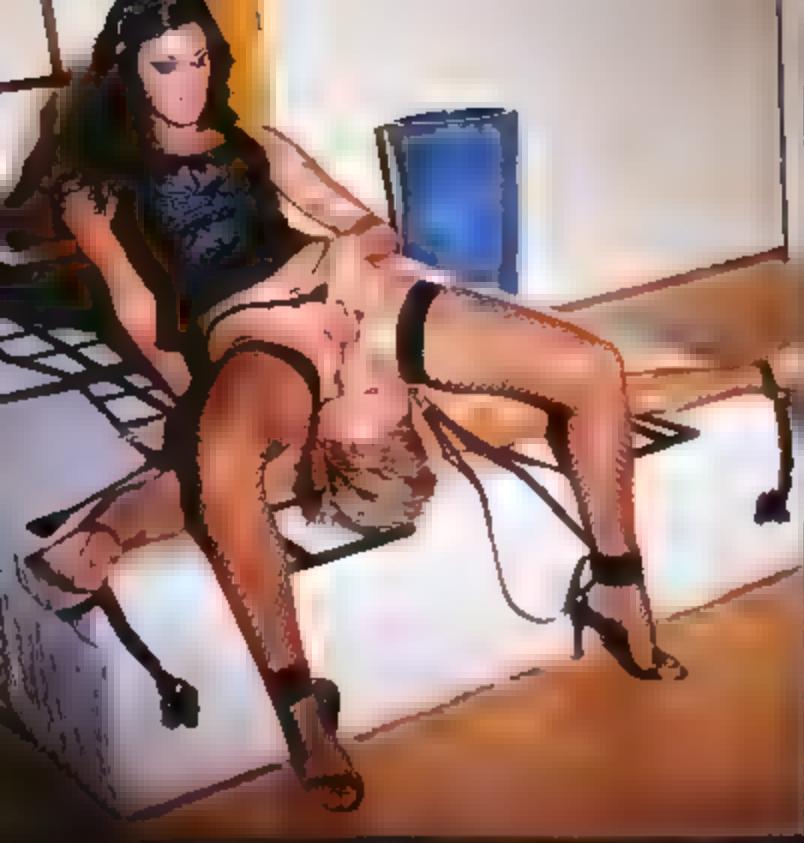
# MISTRESS CLAUDIA TAKES THE LEAD

Photography by DENYS BERNARDO

The bare hotel room is mine. I carry everything I need in a small valise, but the most important implement of my power is between my legs, as Clark instantly understands when I slide my wet G-string up his spine while rising him to the mattress. He's a nice piece of meat, solid under my athletic heel and quick to rise with a bit of teasing. We're going to have a fine time.

Once I've got Clark laid down, I make the crucial assessment, force-feeding him a mouthful of my juicy, pink meat. He munches pretty good, for a guy. He's just as enthusiastic about my other hole when I turn around to straddle his face with my bountiful. I could kick back all night with Clark's tongue up my ass, but his throbbing dick is just too tempting. A few cracks with the whip, a nice rope harness to



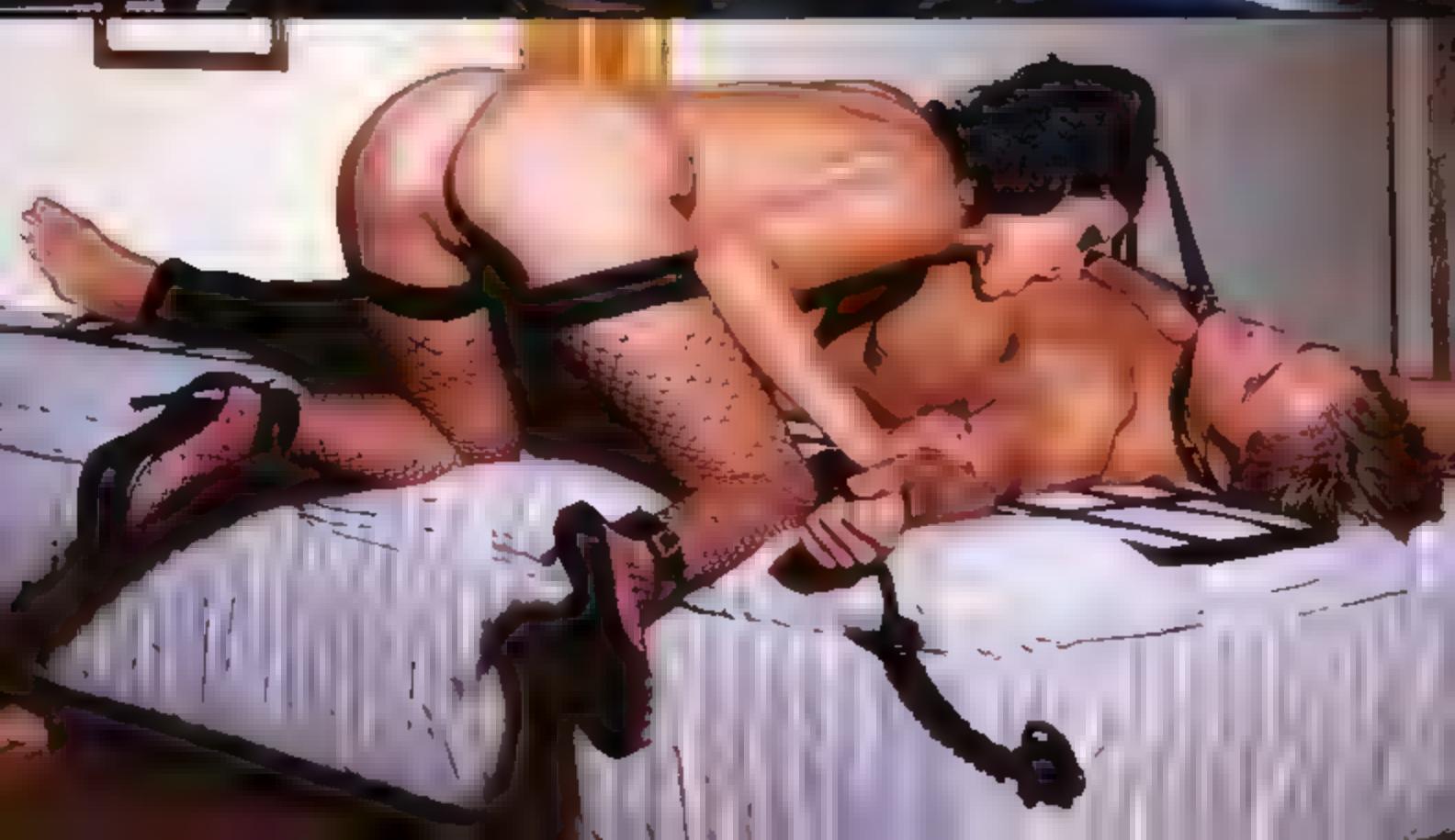
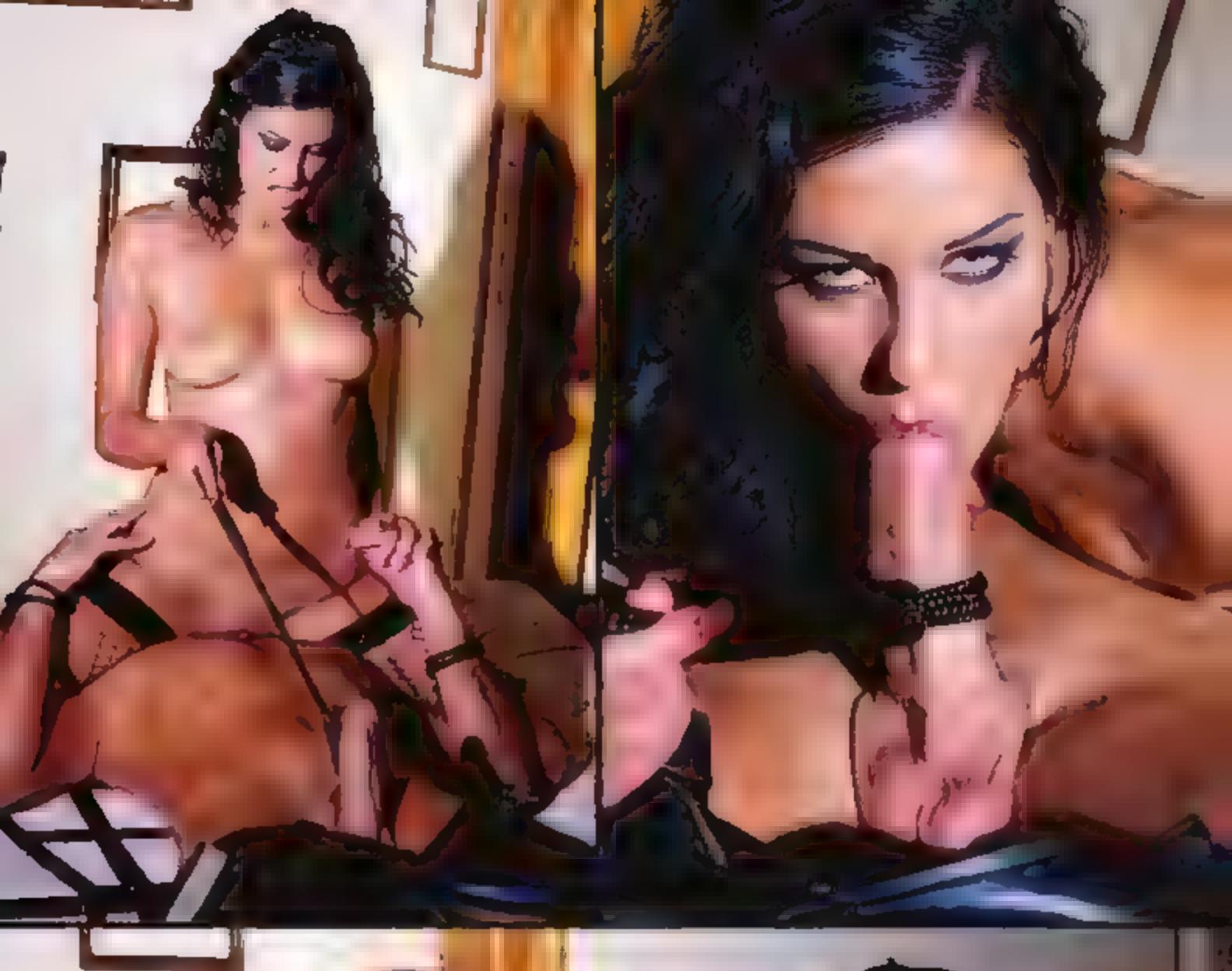


control the beast and it's good enough to eat. I'm not  
ashamed about this kind of thing, taking my fun how-  
ever I want it. Even with his cock down my throat, sunk  
in the clutching depths of my crotch or buried up my ass,  
I'm still in charge. I ride at my own speed, spurring him  
with the leather as needed. He's always ready to give me  
a good pounding when I need it, and stands at attention  
so I can snare his snake and pump out all that saved-up  
spunk when I'm ready for my favorite cocktail.

And then I'm gone. I bring what I need and I take  
what I came for. That's why I'm always invited back.















ELLE

SCHEDULE FOR  
SINNERS

*Photography by Lee Parpart*

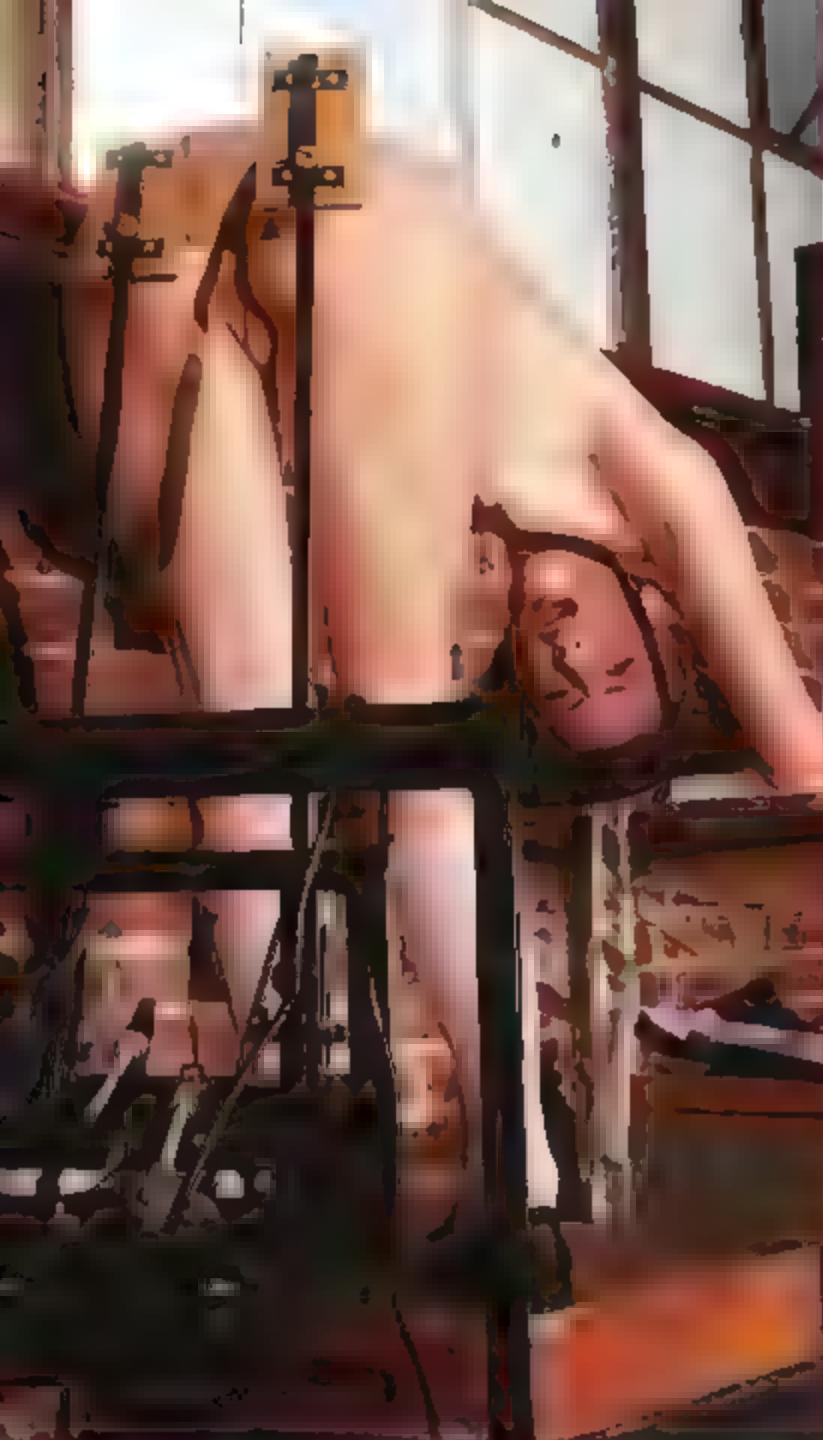












got the address in a whisper from a friend. The thought of the "special school" for naughty girls got my panties wet on the way over but once dressed in my modest uniform and facing the stern instructor I was glad he didn't give me time for second thoughts. I tried to memorize the passage in the book as fast as possible but I wasn't fast enough, stumbling on the first line of my recitation. Retribution was swift and dreadful. Caning on the palms of my hands is excruciating. I don't know why it gets me wet but the instructor knew it from one look at my panties. Yes, I am that kind of girl. The searing cane on my bare fleshes hurts even worse and gets me even hotter. The ruler on my backsides even with my panties down is easier to take but being gagged with my soaked undies is particularly humiliating.

especially when stripped naked and worked with the rubber dildo until I come in spite of myself with embarrassing speed.

Obviously such an undisciplined slut requires more severe discipline. However nothing could have prepared me for the spanking machine, the relentless hammering of its twin wooden paddles slammimg my ass cheeks raw in accelerating rhythm until the tears flow as I bend over the desk. The final application of the cane to my roasted rump and then to my shamelessly wet thighs produces one more loud climax. It is so dreadful I just have to make another appointment for more tutoring next week.



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good girl from now on!

xxxxx Elle

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Bratty and flatuous at lunch. Alexis needs to be put in her place up against the cold steel bars of my back fence. Stripped and chained hands overhead I make her stick out her fat ass and cunt for the lash. She whines and squeals so I whip her harder stopping every so often to tease her cat or stuff her snatch with a toy until she's gasping before giving her another few stripes. Fearful and contrite she begs my pardon but she have to earn it. I make her squat and piss in the grass her legs open so I can watch her shameful streaming. No modesty allowed for my slaves.

But do give rewards as well as punishments. If she sincerely wants to earn my favor she can start with sucking my wet hole with a her sick. She is good at that especially when encouraged by my yanking her blond hair see the glint in her eye as I buckle up my slap on know she likes it hard and deep and give it to her front and back before I plop her down for a good foreplay. My relentless hammering brings on the screams and shakes every time Alexis comes so hard. See I fight through the harness her grinding triggering my own orgasms while I thrust in until our hip bones coincide. She's a really good slave don't have her any other way.





# PHOENIX AND ALEXIS TWIN TWIN TWINES

Photography by Matti Kinni



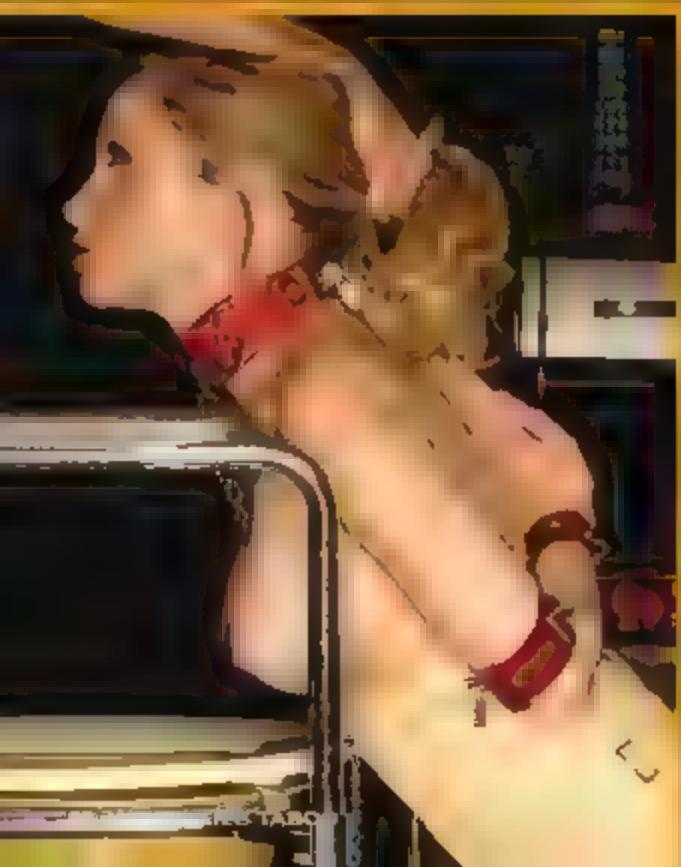








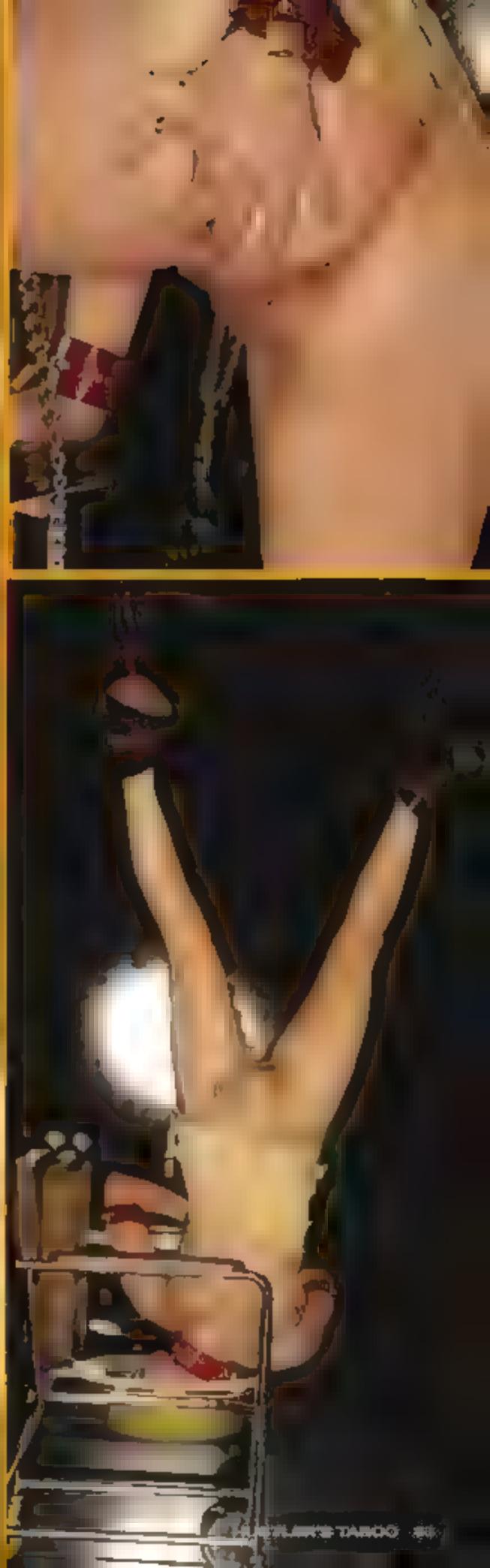




# Urination Nation

featuring **AIDEN**

*Photography by Lee Forbes*





# DUNGEON DUET

Fiction by  
ERNEST GREENE

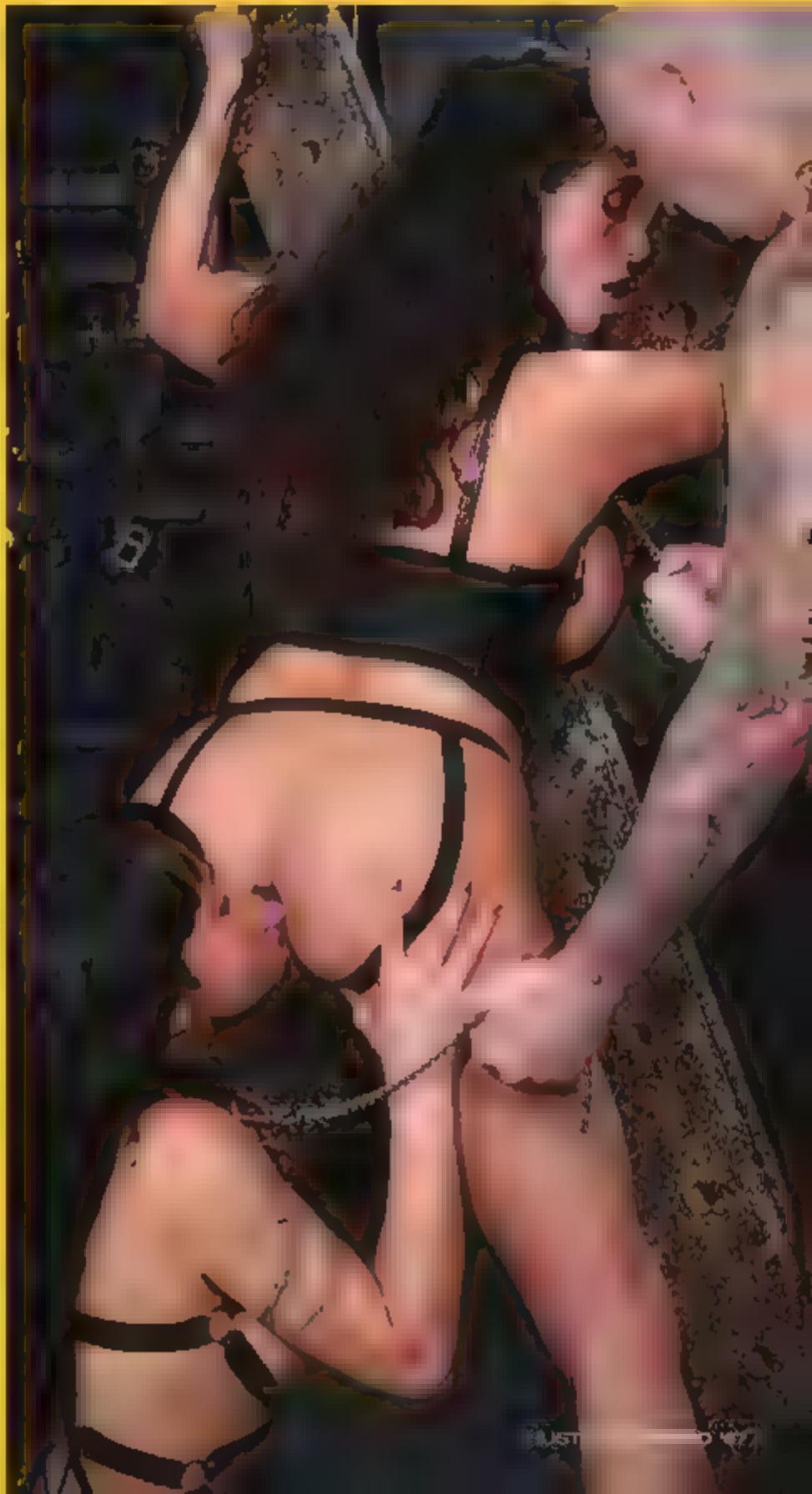
Photography by Mark Morris

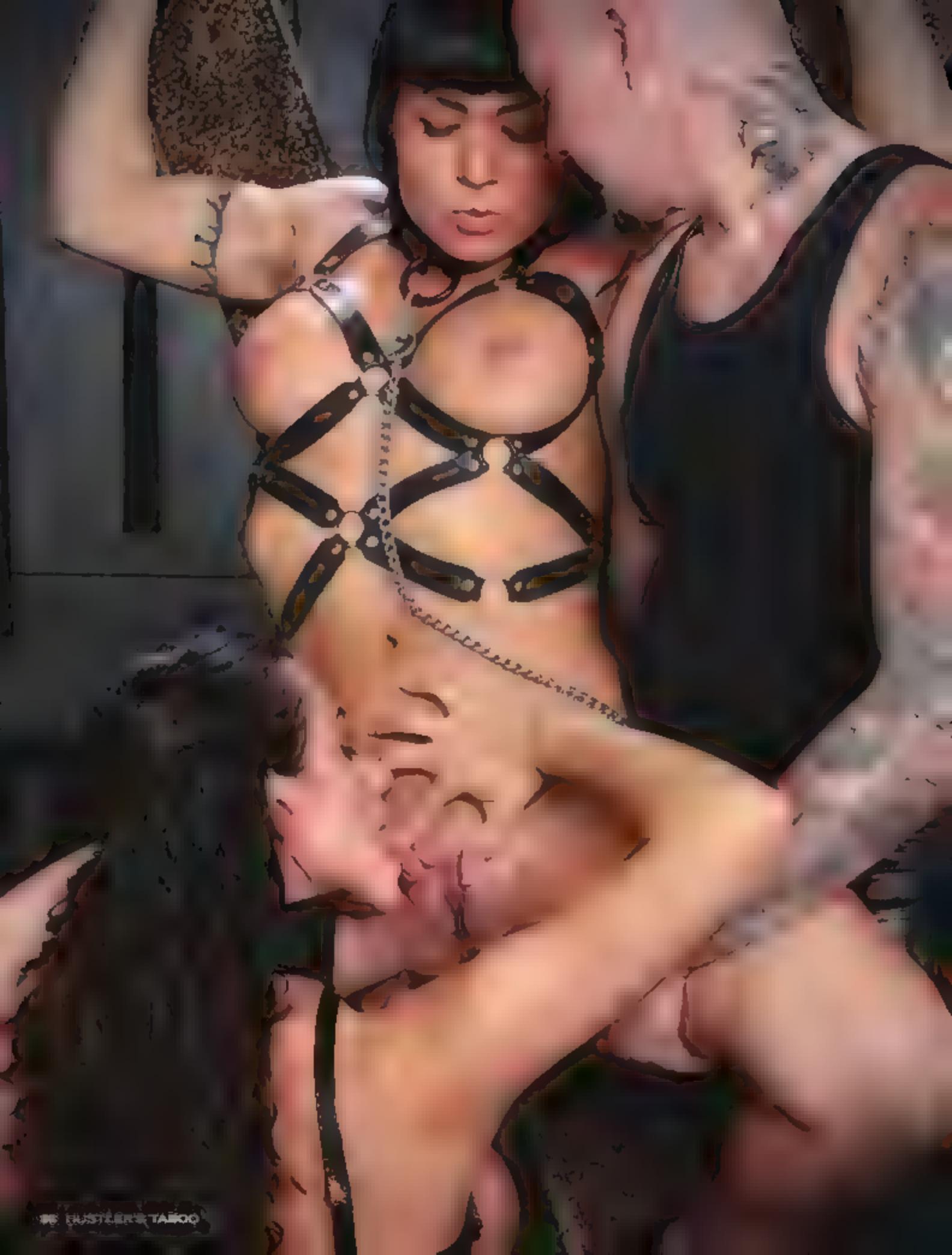
We have harmony in the harem. The girls know this from the day they arrive. I know better than to require perfect pitch. There will always be competition, petty jealousy and old bitchiness when sex slaves are held in close quarters. Where punishments are plenty and favors are few, some competition is inevitable. But every girl within these stone walls must cooperate smoothly, whatever her personality, to earn points for the pleasure of her master. For the use of their owners, they must function interchangeably. I finely tuned instruments of satiation, without a scordant note ever reaching the ears of those who own them. It's a delicate balance. We do want the girls darnings giving us their best, the hope of winning our approval, but obvious competition leads to petty acts of sabotage, jealousy of spotted rewards, or brawls over who gets to spot. My job as Director of Discipline is to spot potential disobedience, and act if necessary to correct it. Take pleasure in my work, knowing that day it is I who will take any of the slaves' supervisory or whatever else, with absolute confidence in their cooperation, to satisfy him.

My eye is on Arelia and Mahna from the day they arrive. I can see they're attracted to each other about the same kind of fiber. At first, it's true, the way they try to outdo each other in their eagerness to serve. But then, the girls begin to sneak into their conversation. All the girls have favorites, and it's bad form to be deliberately picky up to someone another slave begs to worship. Eventually there are harsh words and then sudden silence, which is what I find in the dungeon, where we had them brought to me. Wisely, they greet me with pleasant expressions, but neither dares to deny her sister's conduct toward the other in recent days.

What to do? They are sister slaves and they will learn to give each other proper affection before either is allowed the privilege of attending to me. They will please and be pleased unless they prefer to share in each other's punishment instead. That suggestion gets a quick vote for reconciliation.

Arelia is first on the X frame, standing spread open in her leather working harness and strapped rigidly into place. Her pussy is offered to Mahna's oral affections, which strikes me immediately as a bit lack luster, which is especially





ly being given Ariela's delectable girly bits - get down next to Mahina for some close order instruction, seizing her by the hair and around the neck, maneuvering her sweating face deeper into Ariela's already dripping gash. These girls have long had an shyness and modesty trained out of them so assume the worst motives when either is less than enthusiastic.

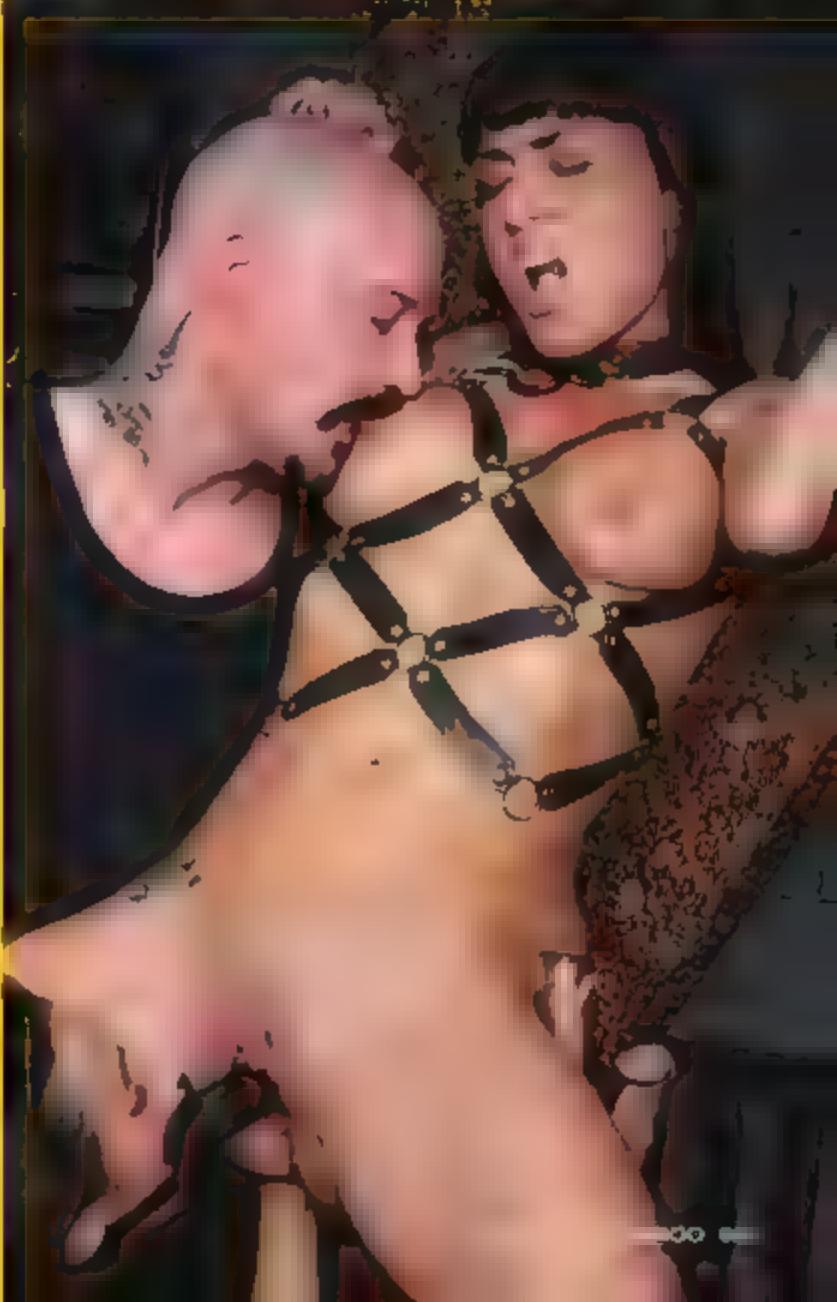
Ceary Mahina takes me seriously as she should, but owing to Ariela's pink silk hungry lips and tongue finding a place that girls know so well. Mahina's posture is admirable and her efforts more committed as Ariela begins to moan and twist in the straps. I've yet to meet the slave without pride in what she can do with her mouth, and Mahina is no exception, asking permission to work from underneath. Granted, of course. She slides between Ariela's long legs, sucking and apping from the clit all the way back to Ariela's eager exposed anus.

This is the humanity I want to see. To encourage it, turn Ariela on the frame and buckle her in again, fearing her sweating, trembling body's yearning for release. Not yet. First, I want to see Mahina's clever tongue swinging in Ariela's puckered hole.

There are whips nearby, and a quick reminder has Mahina spreading Ariela's cheeks and working her pink pierced tongue into her former rival's tailpipe. Ariela thrusts her ass out to meet Mahina's driving, not out of spine, but out of the kind of pure lust she's been trained to sat free when permitted. She writhes and gasps in her bonds, inspiring me to play with her clit, pinching and stroking the hard pulp until the now white-shaking Negrito cries echo from the dungeon's stone walls. Please my permission to come down, grant lucky wifey both girls to work for their respective rewards.

Gripping Ariela's wrists, I feel I must seize with my palm as her orgasmic howling is the work. Good thing I given her leave to go there, else she'd have been even more mine. I might suspect right have been what Mahina intended as a taunt. I believe Ariela to have done most of the provoking and yet already tended to make her demonstration of Ariela's more dominating though we stand in the same way. She parting and sweating legs are shaky, she steps down from the frame and helps the slave. Mahina there, her mate, doffs her ole. Mahina's lush, meaty, mettulously shaved nuzzle. I tease Ariela with it as the latter knees, reluctantly agreeing with my vulgar praise of Mahina's initiate anatomy, however she might feel about the gag attached to it. In fact, she looks at all that pink membrane quite hungrily. Given leave to touch the legs, Mahina's every ps apart to explore the bound girl's vulva with fingers and tongue. Ariela is the more experienced of the two and yet not ed her tendency to show off her abilities in such circumstances. Using her teeth with just the right pressure, she opens Mahina's wide, aping and slurping as eagerly as if Mahina were her favorite slave sister. Perhaps after tonight, she will be but require more proof than Ariela doing what she does whenever a pretty girl is placed within marching distance.

bring out the dick gag. It's a truly nasty thing with an interior rubber cock that sticks down the wearer's throat almost as far as the exterior one plumbs the recipient's pussy. The harder Ariela fucks Mahina with it, the more she choke and gag herself. But I know Mahina's a girl who gets off on penetration and to get the desired response Ariela will have to do her hard and deep buckie it around Ariela's head good and tight, her nostrils





Staring at the rude intrusion of the internal probe. This is going to be good. As Arie's pride will punish her more effectively than anything a master might inflict.

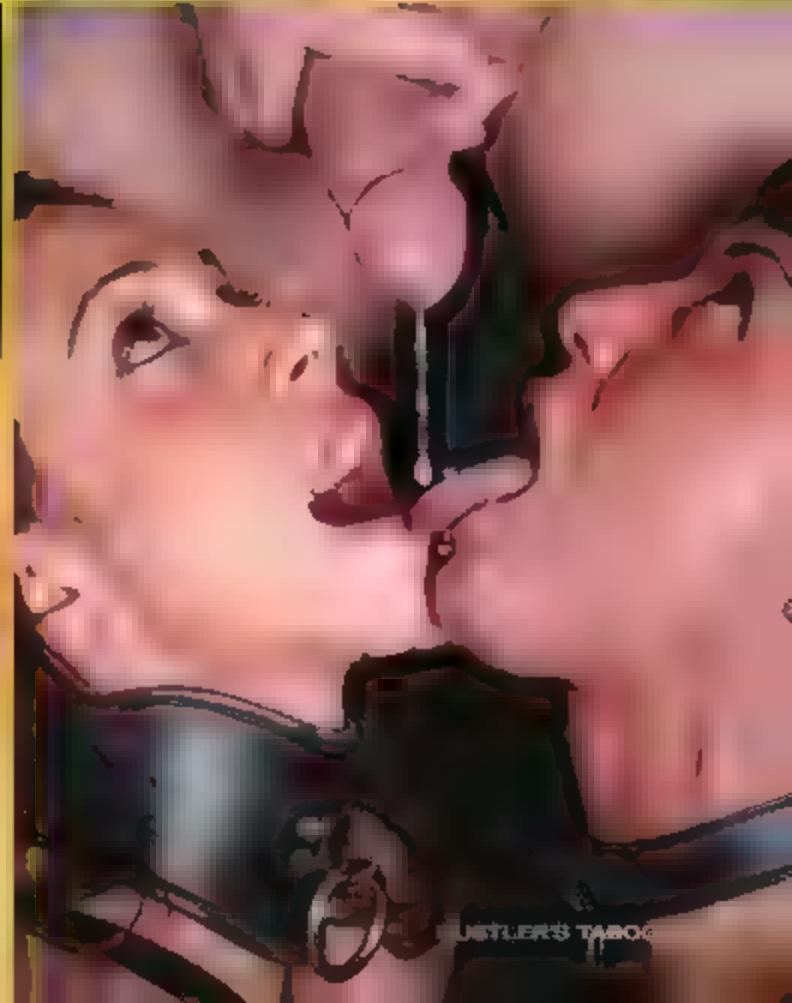
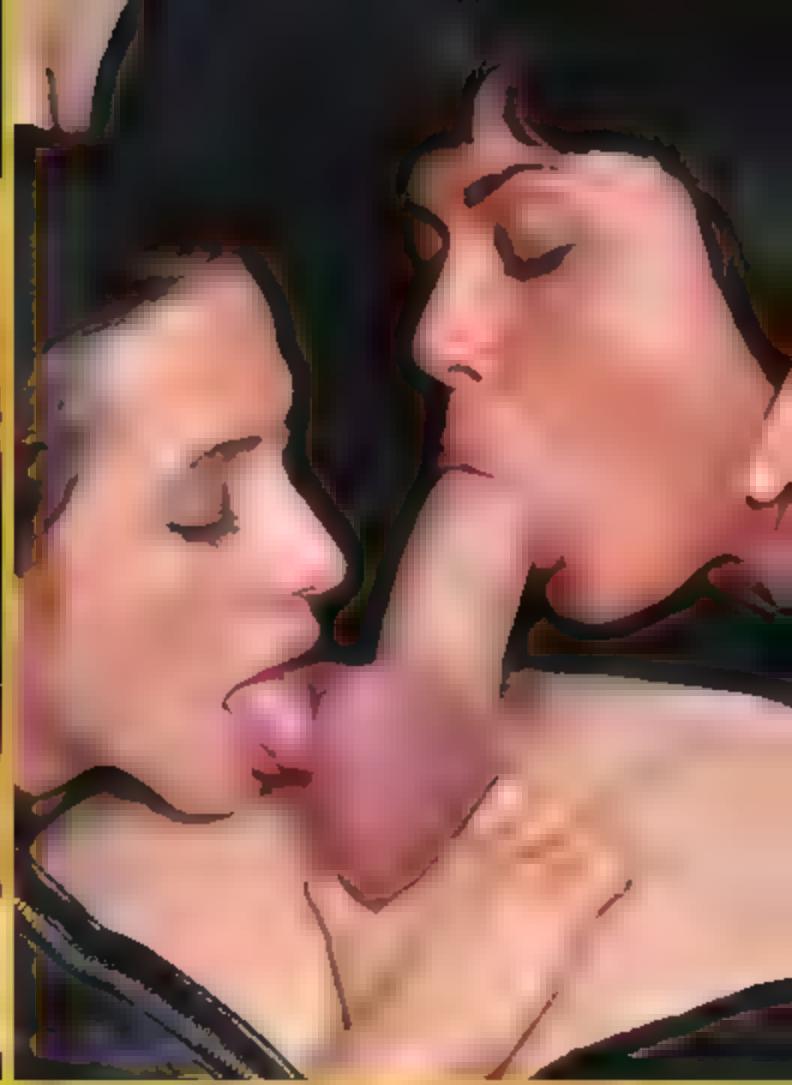
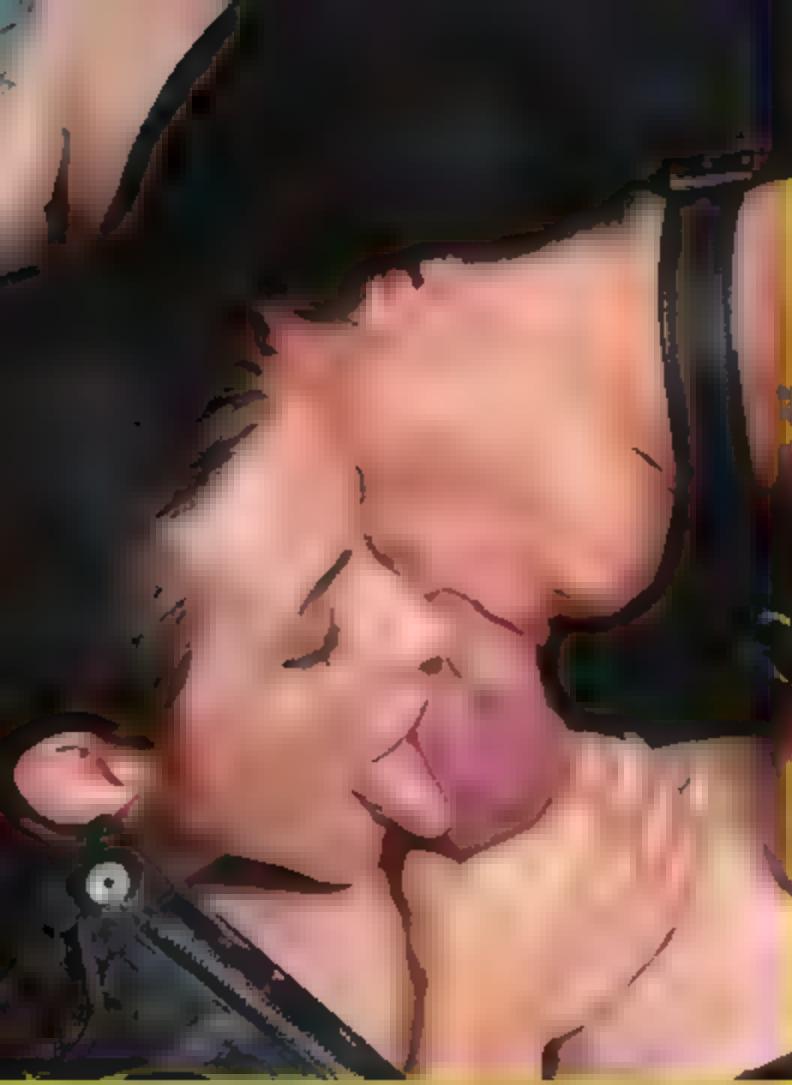
Sure enough, once excited, Mahna proves predictably ruthless, grinding her weight down against Arie's face, driving the twin dicks deeper into both of them, holding the back of Arie's head to make sure she can't retreat, even if she were so inclined. It is a needless precaution. Despite her reaching and drooling, Arie reaches up to grip Mahna's ass cheeks, deliberately impaling them both, then back away from the test pull of her.

It is an inspiring spectacle. After a merciless face fucking, Mahna suddenly stiffens, thrusting her pelvis as she way down on Arie's packed mouth, and comes with an ecstatic scream accompanied by waves of rippling convulsions. She's forgotten to ask permission, but under the circumstances, do no worse than make her suck her own secretions off the soled foot while grip the front of her throat, I push them together until their mouths meet and they're both fighting for air. In quiet desperation, it is an intimate moment they never have to go.

Now it is time for him to demonstrate how an intimacy they can work as a team with the old enemies a king of the past. They want out of the dungeon, they have a satiety need, and they just got it. Passing my silk back and forth like a futboler, they take turns one sucking while the other eagerly sucks my balls. Don't miss when the eyes meet with a hisp that a twinkle. Satisfied has clearly been resolved. I'm part, only impressed with the way Mahna swallows without a single lift from her team mate. By the ear, they work so well together when stake Arie on her back, leaving Mahna's talented tongue to be the judge of their own. Rimming her or a she's worth her weight in speed up as Arie reaches the end to another shoulder to make, never cease to be impressed by the way her cunt muscles rock a cock. No wonder she's always in demand here.

Thoroughly convinced of the sincerity of their erotic offering, ready to grace their lovely faces with the proof of absolution, the girls. They kneel before two pretty faces upturned, two sets of wide open eyes pleading to please. When they go the permit upload of ava, they extend their tongues to touch lips, making sure to catch every spurt, but doesn't end up frostig their flushed cheeks.

My work is done. I let them go get cleaned up and prepared for the next shift. They'll be working doubles the rest of the week. I hear the distinct sound of high fives as they make their way from the chamber. It is such a pleasure to make two best angling friends come together especially when get to come with them.



A woman with dark hair, wearing a black leather collar and red lingerie, is being held by a man in a black leather suit. The man is holding her by the waist and has his hands on her hips. The woman is looking down and to the side. The background is dark and moody.

JENNIFER  
AND ALEX  
**PURGING  
HER PRIDE**

*Photography by Dave Max*







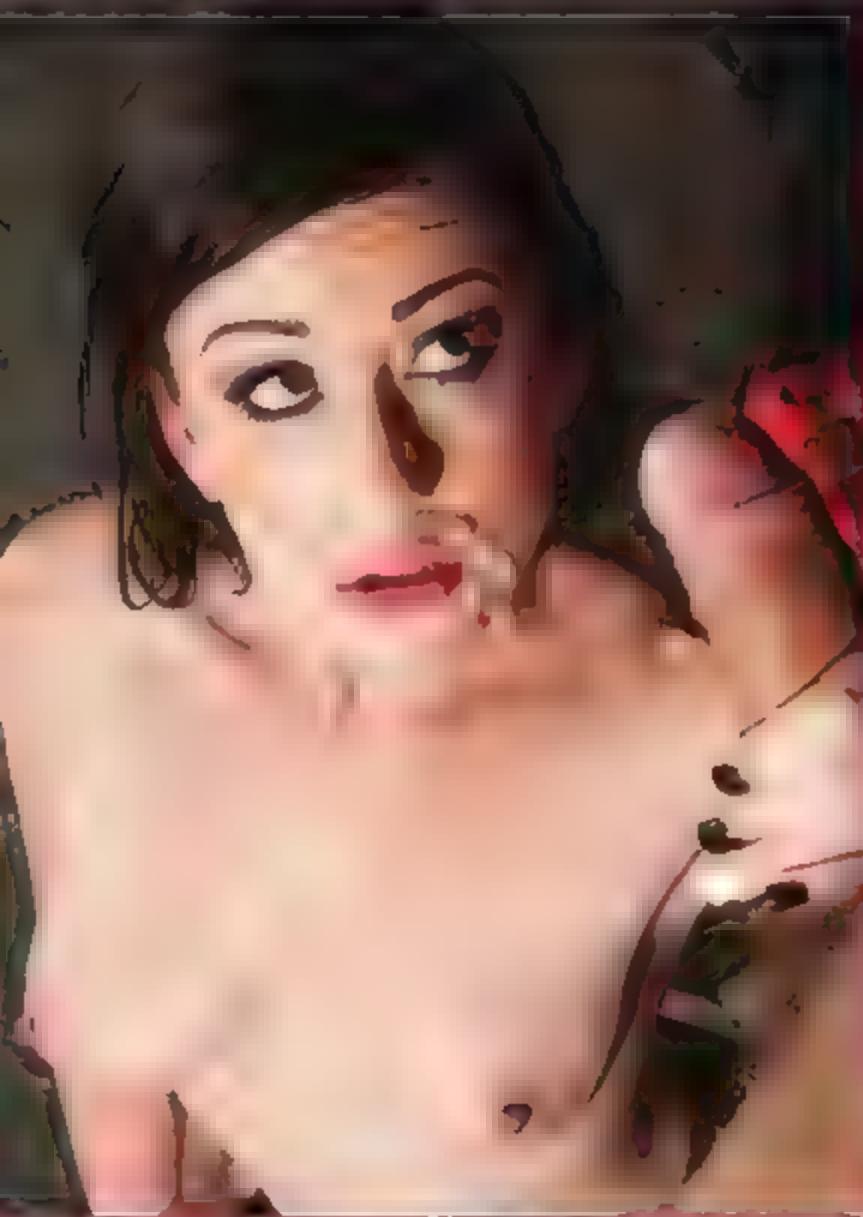






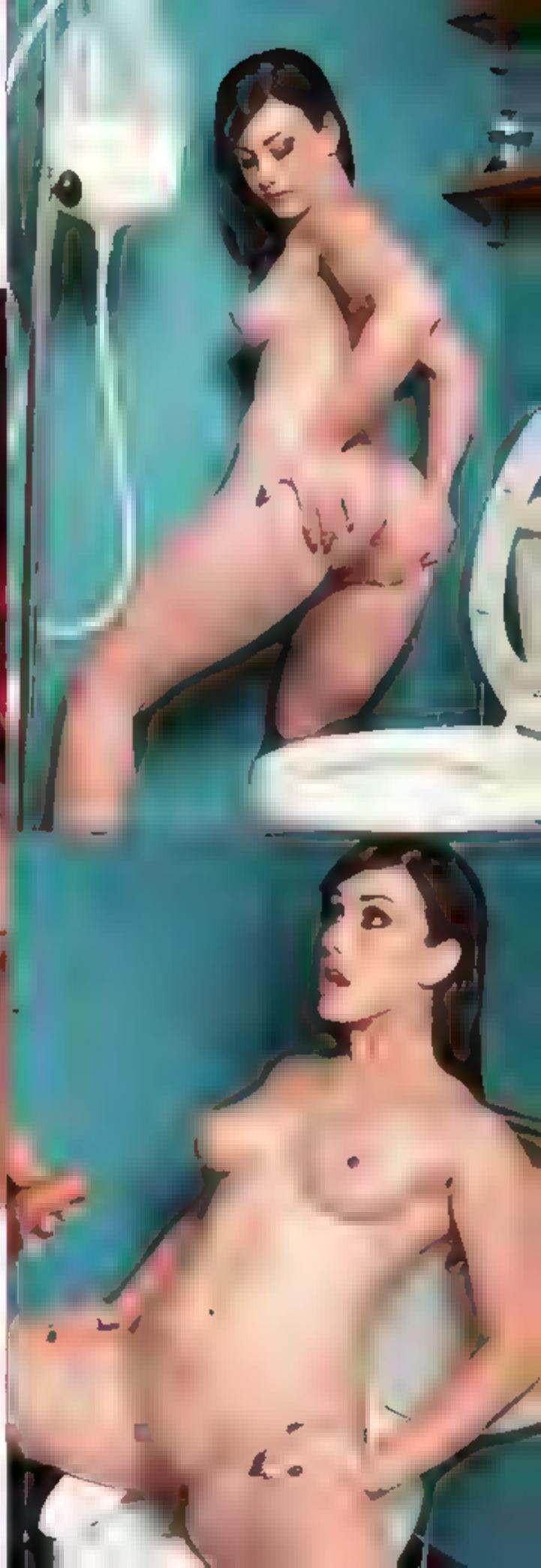


Alex knows how to put me in my place. He reminds me I'm his bitch as he drags me to his cock by my hair. Hands bound behind me, I worship at packing my cheeks with hard grits, licking his scrotum with an eager tongue. No matter how I work to please, he never goes easy on me, tying my hands to the chair legs, clamping my nipples and clit so hard they throb and suck, fucking me until I choke. What hole will he use next? Bound wrists to ankle with my butt in the air, I have no doubts. When he's in this mood, I know I'll



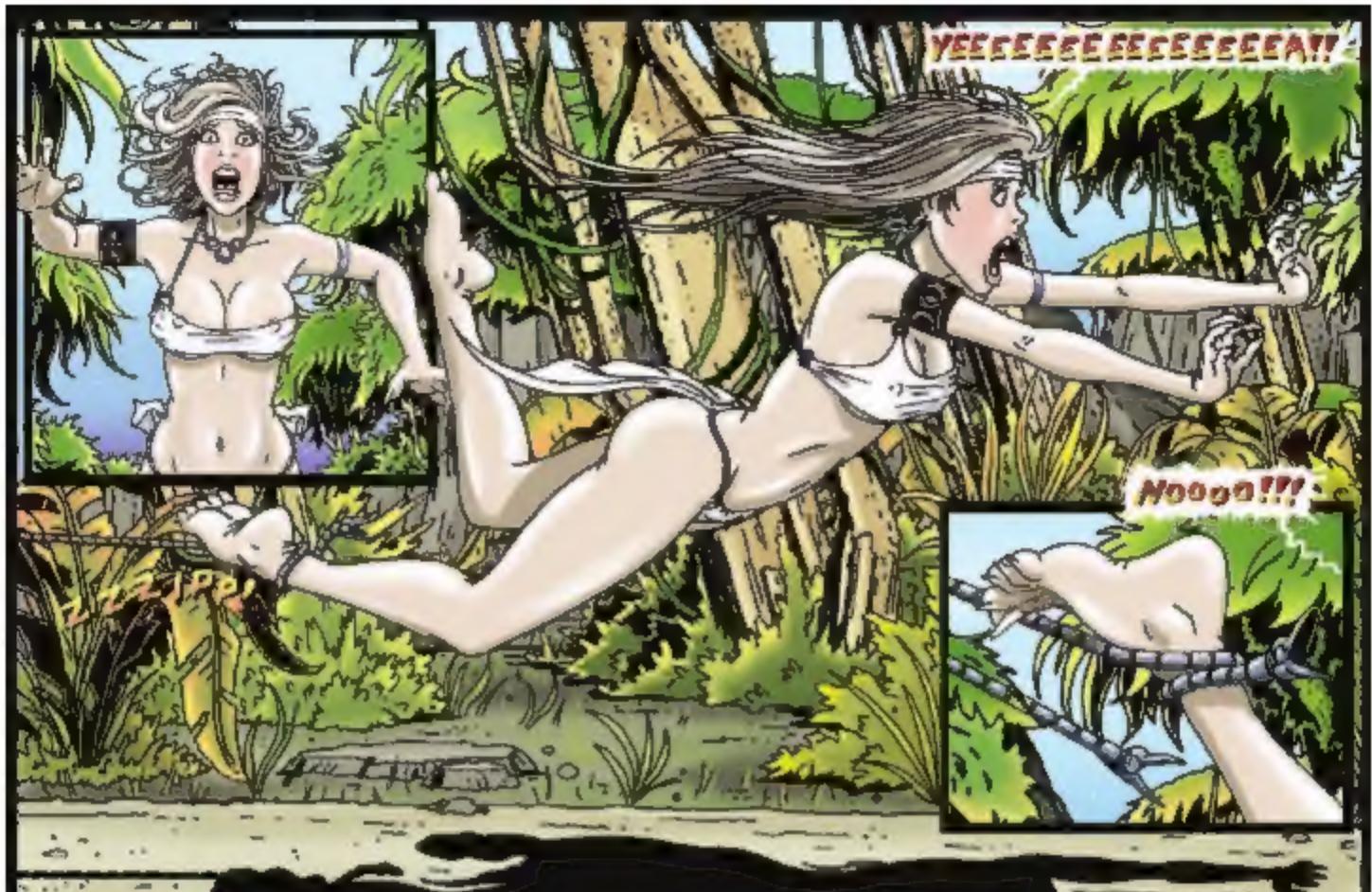
serve him with my anus. Even though he greases my little hole thoroughly, his cock feels huge going in, filling ass guts with man meat. He never hurries, pumping me slowly and relentlessly, pulling out every so often to pry my gape and make me suck my own slime. I always come hardest when Alex reams my rectum. Every cruel thing he does to me makes me want more. I can't wait to gulp his gobs of acidic goop, to feel it flooding over my face, even up my nose.

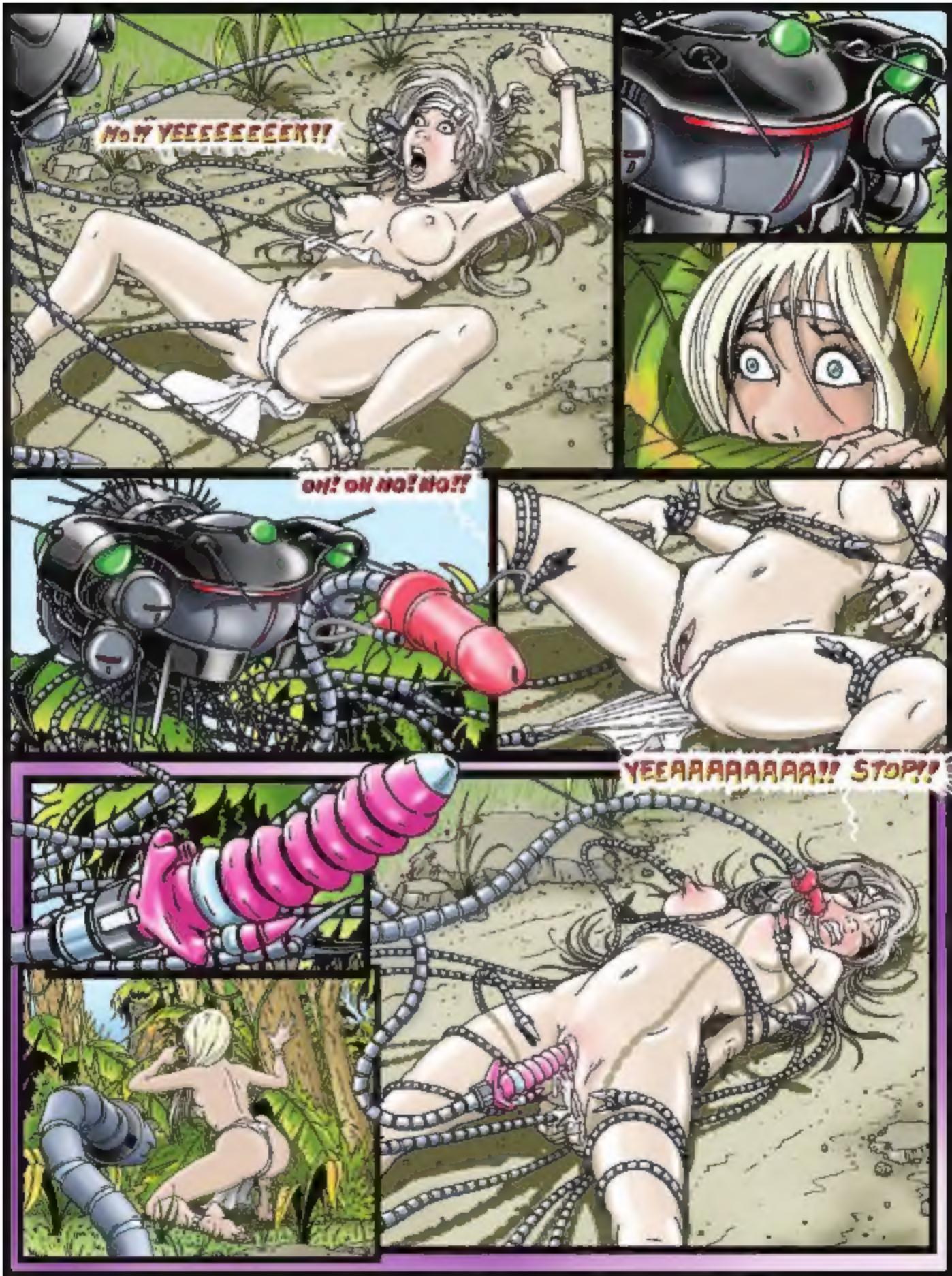
Even then, he's not done with me. Shoved into the bathroom, I get my plumbing flushed with a huge, cold-milk enema that I have to hold until he's finished emptying his bladder up and down my naked body. Defined in every way, I'm his humble property, ready for rough use whenever he wants me.

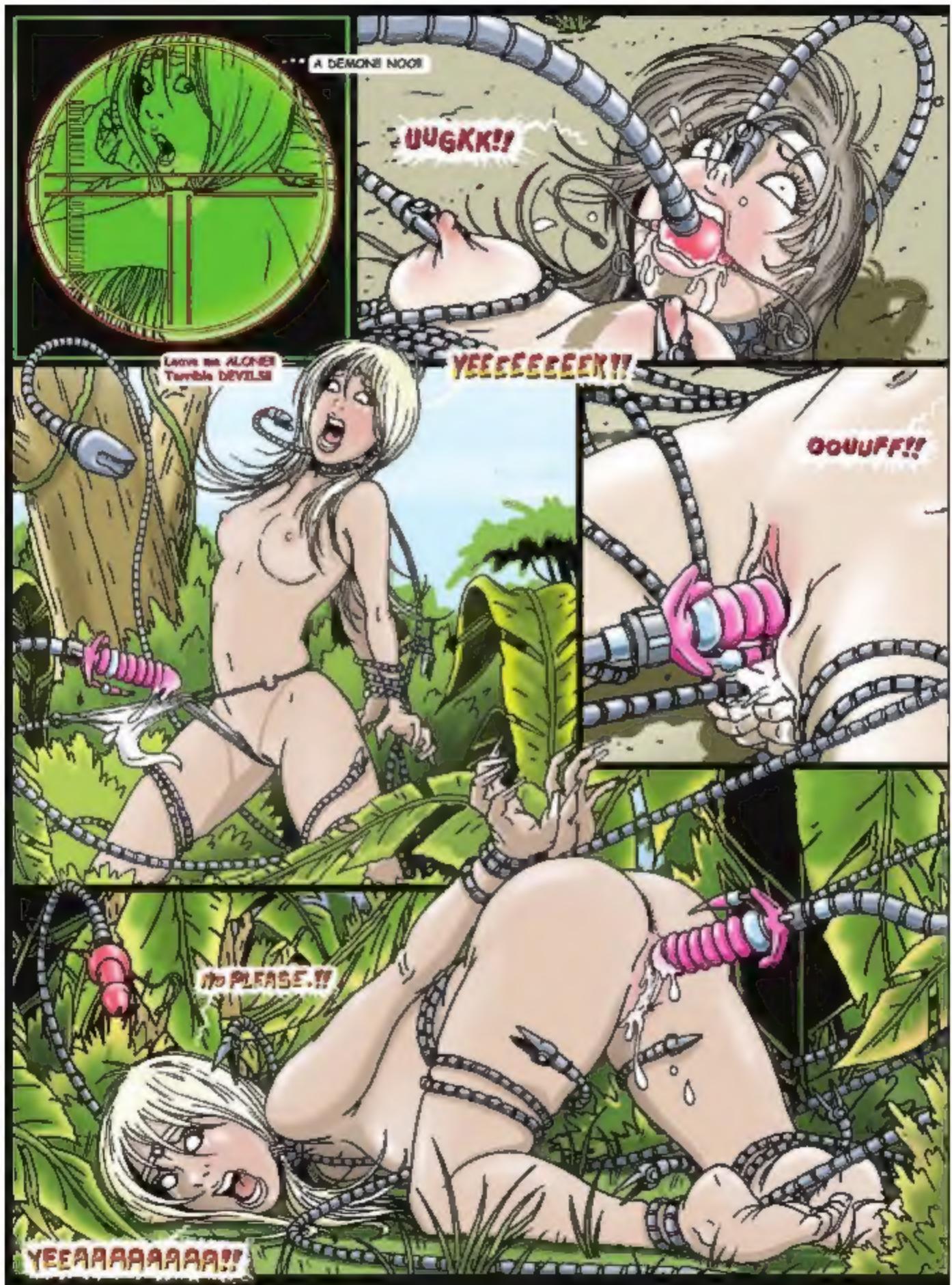












CONTINUED...

## COMING NEXT MONTH IN HUSTLER'S TABOO

Strung up naked in the dungeon, Cassandra shudders. The intrusion of Mistress's probing finger into Cassandra's puckered rectum elicits a whimper. Jenna's in a mood to hurt and humiliate with whips, oral servitude, and penetration in all holes with various objects. There will be no mercy until both Mistress and slave have experienced multiple climaxes, induced by any means necessary. And this is just a little appetizer for the feast of our February issue. Beautifully bound fetish babes and leaky bitches beg to serve, along with our regular features, *Urination Nation*, *Fetish Focus*, *Anal Advisor*, and a special first look at the latest high-style installment of the cinematic adventures of Q. Perfect for Valentine's Day, share TABOO with someone you love.



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